

**ARTHUR P. THURSBY**  
OPTICIAN

Formerly manager of the St. Louis Optical Co., 715 Locust Street, is now associated with ALOE'S, where he will be pleased to see his many friends and patrons.

**ALOE'S**  
OPTICAL  
AUTHORITIES  
OF AMERICA.

**312 N. BROADWAY**  
Directly opposite to Sprague,  
Vanderbilt & Barney.

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**MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.**  
ST. LOUIS  
FOURTH FIFTH STS.

#### HERMAN EMANUEL DIES FOUR MONTHS AFTER WIFE.

Funeral of Vice President of Sonnet Millinery Company Will Take Place To-Morrow.

Herman Emanuel, vice president of the Sonnet Millinery Company, died of pneumonia at his home, No. 377 Locust Avenue, yesterday morning.

Mr. Emanuel came to St. Louis thirteen years ago from Brookfield, Mo. He became vice president of the Sonnet Millinery Company and was connected with that firm for five years. He was then elected vice president of the Sonnet Millinery Company and continued in that capacity to his death.

He is survived by a son, Edward, and a daughter, Mrs. Leopold Ackerman. His wife died about four months ago. Mr. Emanuel was 69 years old.

The funeral will take place to-morrow morning from the family residence. The interment will be in Mount Sinai Cemetery. Burial will be at 10 o'clock.

The Sonnet Millinery Company's store at No. 425 North Broadway will be closed to-day on account of the death of Mr. Emanuel.

#### MEN CHARGED WITH ROBBERY.

Police Arrest Suspects on Description Furnished by Victims.

The Fourth District Police are holding Daniel Hogan of No. 196 O'Fallon street on a charge of highway robbery. John Ross of No. 142 North Seventeenth street charges that he was waylaid by two men at Twenty-second and Division streets Monday night, and the police arrested Hogan on the description given by Ross, who says that a watch worth \$100 was stolen from him.

John Conway, who says that his home is in Boston, was arrested early yesterday morning on a charge of beating and robbing John J. Quinn of No. 250 Clark Avenue at Seventh and Market streets. Quinn alleges that the robber took \$1 from him. Quinn was severely beaten and is a patient at the City Hospital.

#### Found Dead Body in Hotel.

The dead body of a man who registered Thursday night at H. Jackson, Belleville, Ill., was found in a room at the Woodford Hotel, No. 123 Market street yesterday. The police can assign no cause for the death. One of the chambermaids found the body and notified Peter Nease, the porter. Nease summoned Patrolman Brendler, who sent the body to the morgue. Jackson was about 50 years old and was well dressed.

**TEN THOUSAND A YEAR** RE-  
VAMPED.

Those who were young back in the forties, and a good many others whose youth is less remote, will bear with an unworldly thrill of the rehabilitation of a novel which in those days achieved a popularity rivaling that of the best works of Dickens and Thackeray and Scott. Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year"—not to have read which is to have left the most amusing page of youth untarnished. The book has been republished, under the title of "Tittlebat Titmouse," a better title, by the way, than the original. The striking point is that it has been "edited" by Cyrus Townsend Brady, the busiest hand in bookdom. At first blush this announcement strikes resentment into the soul of the old reader, to whom every page and line of the old book is dear, but a review of the book dispels whatever reproach one may have conceived against Mr. Brady on account of his supposed vandalism in tampering with sacred things. The truth is that the original book was loaded with detail and digression, and its course was impeded by legal disquisitions and moral reflections, which upon it out to an interminable forbidding length. Mr. Brady believed that it could be made a much more readable book by stripping it of redundancy and verbiage and reducing it to something like reasonable limits. His work has been to abridge, not materially to change it. Few alterations have been made in the text; in fact, only such as were necessary to supply connections and preserve continuity. Mr. Brady's additions, all told, would not form more than two or three pages of the book. The result is a novel of 464 pages, where the original was something over twice that size. The Reverend E. Walpole Warren, D. D., son of the author, has warmly sanctioned Mr. Brady's work.

What a group of characters they were! The contemptible little human insect, Tittlebat Titmouse, and his worthy friends, Gammon and Siss, the most subtle and delectable scoundrels in literature; Tarrag and his daughter, Tabitha, with the bear's-grease corkscrew curls; Robert Buckabuck, the fair-weather friend; the fat Dorcas Quirk with the sharp matronial

**Hunter Whiskey**

DAVID NICHOLSON, St. Louis, Mo.

## NEW FICTION BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, F. MARION CRAWFORD, HARRIS DICKSON AND OTHERS—"TITTLEBAT TIT-MOUSE"—NOTES AND GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

### "THE BOSS," A BIG, MOVING STORY.

Alfred Henry Lewis has placed his name upon three imprints within nine months of this year. The latest and best of these is "The Boss," just now issuing from the New York house of A. S. Barnes & Co. Three books within three-quarters of a year is a record that makes the achievement of Mark Twain's "The Millionaire" seem like a child's play.

For several years Lewis has been well within the circle of Tammany. Just now, by all accounts, he must be out of that influence. His story of "The Boss" comes the details of "the organization"; but there is a whisper of disguise in its telling. Throughout the volume, which is thick and meaty, a spade is called a spade. Names alone are changed. And some of those doubtless have a skin-tight fit for those who know the men and measures about which Lewis writes. The story is told with cold-blooded confidence and a weight of reasonableness that must appeal even to him who is so far away from the scenes of political activity as to feel that the novelist has exaggerated to make his point.

That there are "steals" in some of the organizations of politics most people know and most politicians admit, but that these steals run into the round millions and are accomplished with the utmost directness of purpose may be doubted by most readers who have not come into contact with such a state of facts as existed, for example, when the celebrated "birthday party" came together at the house of Julius Lehmann in this city of St. Louis.

In "The Boss" we learn that the leader of Tammany, a private citizen, with absolutely no written authority over the affairs of New York, gave and withheld franchises, aided in the manipulation of stocks, annoyed corporations that were unfriendly and assisted those that were friendly—all by the nod of his head to the Police Department and to the various other heads who sat at the top of street and sewer and construction work in the name of the city.

That his story will have interest for that majority—the great crowd that reads for the story alone—Mr. Lewis has a marriage for his boss, and he has a child for him, a wild and wifely friend, whom he has named Blossom. This girl is an uncanny thing, with a fright in her eyes and a tremor in her voice. She is pursued by a fear that came to her before she was born, when the boss, then a young man and only a precinct leader, was in jail for a murder that he did not do. The mother, at home in her bed, is driven to her death by the thought of what may happen to the father of her unborn child, and when Blossom comes the mark is upon her. Mr. Lewis handles this unusual and difficult situation in a masterful way, and as the child, Blossom, grows into the vital of the book, the character develops until it sticks out past all of the others that dot the chapters—an appealing, terrifying thing, that comes at you in two or three places. It is a true and telling story of wonderful proportions, of rugged excellence, of earnest conviction and sustained interest—for men in particular—that cannot be named of any other story of this year.

When you have laid it by, you can feel that Lewis has not lectured, while his story has. You have not so much to say in condemnation of the methods of "The Boss," for they were the outgrowth of conditions, but you feel that an uncanny fate had him in hand, and if you have even a whisper of native superstition in your breast you will by this route justify the course and end of the unhappy Ross.

Alfred Henry Lewis, who writes so freely and well, is a comparative new-comer in the field of notable letters, although for ten or fifteen years he has written for newspapers and magazines of the East and West. Twelve years ago he was a lawyer in Kansas City. Five years before that he was a cowboy in the far Southwest. A little before that he was an attorney in Cleveland. From Kansas City he went to Washington, then to New York. He is a strong, of body, intensely active and confident man, with the energy and ambition of a boy of 20.

This new book, "The Boss," was written by order of George Horace Lorimer, the astute editor of the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia. Lorimer, who had just received a handsome year's royalties on his own book, "The Letter of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," had the idea that the public needed a political story from "the inside." He bought the serial rights to "The Boss" as quickly as Lewis could turn the story over to him. It is likely that no novel of the length of "The Boss" was ever written to order in so short a time.

Those who were young back in the forties, and a good many others whose youth is less remote, will bear with an unworldly thrill of the rehabilitation of a novel which in those days achieved a popularity rivaling that of the best works of Dickens and Thackeray and Scott. Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year"—not to have read which is to have left the most amusing page of youth untarnished. The book has been republished, under the title of "Tittlebat Titmouse," a better title, by the way, than the original. The striking point is that it has been "edited" by Cyrus Townsend Brady, the busiest hand in bookdom. At first blush this announcement strikes resentment into the soul of the old reader, to whom every page and line of the old book is dear, but a review of the book dispels whatever reproach one may have conceived against Mr. Brady on account of his supposed vandalism in tampering with sacred things. The truth is that the original book was loaded with detail and digression, and its course was impeded by legal disquisitions and moral reflections, which upon it out to an interminable forbidding length. Mr. Brady believed that it could be made a much more readable book by stripping it of redundancy and verbiage and reducing it to something like reasonable limits. His work has been to abridge, not materially to change it. Few alterations have been made in the text; in fact, only such as were necessary to supply connections and preserve continuity. Mr. Brady's additions, all told, would not form more than two or three pages of the book. The result is a novel of 464 pages, where the original was something over twice that size. The Reverend E. Walpole Warren, D. D., son of the author, has warmly sanctioned Mr. Brady's work.

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Newly Published Picture of Robert Louis Stevenson.

monial eye; the old caricature of nobility, the Earl of Dredington, to whose daughter, Cecilia, Tittlebat was finally wedded. And, in Mr. Brady's "edition," they stand out, as it were, in greater likeness than before, much of the debris having been removed from before their portraits.

Of course, Mr. Brady's is an act of piracy—he frankly confesses it—and piracy of this sort ought not to be encouraged. In this instance, the public will probably agree that it is justifiable; but we should hate to see the business become a vogue. We should cry, "Woodman, spare that tree!" to the pirate with scissors and blue ink, who advanced threateningly "for instance, our old immortal 'Vanity Fair,' or 'Henry Esmond,' or 'David Copperfield,' or 'Les Misérables.'" There is always a remedial right which the reader possesses against too great redundancy, digression or verbosity—the reader may skip parts. And the reader ought to be allowed to do his own skipping, or not, just as he pleases, without the intervention of a pirate, who may be too willing to rush in where angels fear to tread. Published by Funk & Wagnalls.

### OTHER NEW FICTION.

One of the greatest wits of all times once observed that there are men who will make you books and turn them loose into the world with as much dispatch as they would do a dish of fritters. Upon this score F. Marion Crawford isn't above suspicion—during late years there have come from his prolific pen several novels no better than fritters. Years ago Mr. Crawford wrote several excellent stories, the best of them, "A Cigarettemaker's Romance." The latest Crawford novel, "The Heart of Rome," is by no means a novel of the quality, sentiment, color or style of that exquisite bit of wit and wit. It is a rather sustained plot, intricate and its dramatic situations, and undoubtedly possesses an atmosphere which makes it sell; but one finishes it with the feeling akin to regret that Crawford has not in this, any more than in the novels immediately preceding it, lived up to his earlier promise best laid in the "cigarettemaker's Romance."

This should not be taken as severely disparaging, however. As current novels go, "The Heart of Rome" is well above the average. This should be said in praise of it, from the standpoint of fiction, that it is a tale for the tale's own sake, without a "purpose" and without a "moral," and there is more or less joy for the sentimental reader in the unspoken happiness which is finally bestowed upon the lovers, Sabina and Marino. Mr. Crawford claims in his own belief that it is something to have made two lovers utterly blissful, whereas he manifestly had it in his power to bring them to awful grief. Macmillan Company.

Harris Dickson, whose novel "The Black Wolf's Breed," vindicated his right to wield a pen, has written a fairly engrossing love story entitled "She That Heavens." It is laid among scenes of Russian court life and is full of action and intrigue—and simply crowded with emotional experience. She that does the hesitating is balanced between marriage with one man and love for another; and from the fact, as set forth in the story, that she hesitates the inference may be that she is lost. Whether she is in reality lost depends a good deal upon the individual reader's idea of what "lost" is. She that hesitates is sometimes won; and sometimes both. She that hesitates is sometimes first lost and then won; and sometimes she is never won at all. Given a heroine capable of the vast amount of hesitation of the Charlotte in this book, and an ingenious author may keep her reader's puzzle to the very end—and it would be well to do so.

And author to tell just what was the final result of Charlotte's hesitation. Mr. Dickson has told this story very well, simply and without strained literary effects. What there is of his "business," speaking of him as of a stage performer, is easy and natural. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Of collections of short stories there seems sometimes no end; but there are always a welcome for such stories as John Luther Long's "Sissy Jane." This story gives the book its title, but there are eight other stories in the collection—"The Strike on the Schenckplatz Railroad," "The Angel," "The Lady and Her Soul," "The Outrageous Miss Dawn-Dream," "The Atomium," and "Where the Sun Never Came." Several are pathetic; some are thrilling; all are tenderly human. John Luther Long distinctly possesses a touch for the making of tender and beautiful stories. One will not instantly forget the sweetly sentimental old Sissy Jane, so-called because she is so young and so beautiful. The story is a tale of the period of '98, and the one love story of her isolated life. Published by the Century Company.

Caroline Atwater Mason, whom you might call an experienced novelist, to judge from the number of her books, is the author of "Holt of Heathfield," a society story, strictly, though not of the "smart" sort. It should not be overlooked in commenting upon it that it contains two girls, with "sinuous slenderness and delicate curves" and "a nuance of unconscious insolence," which fact of itself renders it noteworthy. Mr. Holt of Heathfield was the pastor of a stylish little flock, and he was blandly, passionately and deeply religious, a first-class all-round fellow and wonderfully handsome. It was nothing remarkable, therefore, that the majority of his female parishioners, including the girls with the sinuous slenderness and nuance of insolence, felt in love with him. The result is comedy, sometimes bordering on tragedy, as one might expect. Given certain humorous facts and certain results must follow. Macmillan's.

Albert R. Gorman's novel, "The Pen-

sionaire," concerns tourist life in Europe, and follows the experiences of an American heroine from pension to pension, in Dresden, Lucerne, the Quai de la Gare, and London; brings on the stage a succession of pensionaires from all corners of the world, America chiefly. Rather vivacious atmosphere of touring breezes through the pages, and there are many little humors, diverting incidents and experiences. The love theme is somewhat unique—two sides of a girl's personality are wooed by a German and an English tourist, respectively, Herbert T. Turner and Company.

"There is no book so bad," said Cervantes, "but that something good may be found in it." But as applied to "Rips and Raps" by Mr. L. de V. Matthewman, the idea must be revised—unless much more of the following may be considered worth while: "We often think that is, which we know isn't"—The trouble is that we think we know so much, whereas we know so little—"A man has just the same right to hold whatever opinion he likes as he has to possess anything else that he likes"—It all depends: "Silence is the strength of the soul." Here is a saying, however, which is almost bad—it seems to refer to the book itself and to a prospective circle of readers: "The wonder is not that so many people talk foolishly, but that so many listen attentively to and swallow the foolishness." Published by F. A. Stokes Company.

### BOOKS DEALING WITH FACT.

A "History of Socialism in the United States" is by a prominent member of the Socialist party, Morris Hillquit. The position treats of the circumstances of socialism's origin, the manner of its growth, and the author's opinion of its future development as deduced from present conditions. Mr. Hillquit perceives many to him unmistakable socialistic tendencies. There are chapters upon Sectarian Communities, the Owenite Period, the Icarian Communities, Ante-Bellum Period, Period of Organization, Period of the Socialist Labor Party, and Present-Day Socialism. In marshaling his facts and pointing his comments, the author displays strong personal convictions of the growing power and ultimate success of the movement, but what may be termed his bias does not lead him into any positive unfairness in historical method of presentation. Published by Funk & Wagnalls.

A new number in Appleton's Business Series is "The History of the Automobile," by Beckles Wilson, which traces us through the several stages of transit from the old coach down to the trolley and the automobile. For the general reader the book possesses the advantage of not being too technical, presented in a readable style. As the author observes, rapid transit was the characteristic material problem of the Nineteenth Century, and it promises to be one of the prominent sciences of the Twentieth. In an interesting way the author gives to the subject its proper proportion and relation to the development and life of our times. Published by the Appletons.

"The Bird Book," by A. J. R. Roberts, belongs to the Country Handbook Series, and is a most attractive publication, freely illustrated from photographs evidently secured at some difficulty and expense. The object of the book, in which it is abundantly successful, is to bring the reader to an acquaintance with some of the common birds of the countryside. They are classified according to the localities in which they are commonly to be found.

The Bird Book is less a scientific treatise than a popular talk, and will be found well worth reading by the average man having a spare hour. Published by John Lane.

### NOTES AND GOSSIP.

"The Silent Places, or the Trail of Jin-gos," by S. W. White's new novel of the Northwest, begins serially in Outlook for November. Among many profuse illustrations are Vance Thompson's "The Golf Links of Paris," characterizing from an American point of view French golf and golfers. Mrs. Burton Kingsland's story of a driving trip, with a thorough description of the preparations a woman should make for such a journey; Philip Delany's vivid account of a frontier trip in an automobile across unexplored territory and New Mexico country; some remarkable photographs of heron, ibis, and spoonbills taken in the jungle of Florida swamps by Herbert K. Job, and a charming and practical account on nutting as a pastime by Clarence Deming. This being the hunting and shooting season, articles and notes on these subjects are numerous. George Bird Grinnell's "Antelope Hunting Thirty Years Ago and Now," illustrated with many drawings by Carl Ringius, is full of the author's practical and exciting experiences in the field, and gives interesting reasons for the thinning of the numbers of antelope and for the need of their present protection. The "Niles-Twickenham Turkey Hunt" and an "Old Time Michigan Squirrel Shoot" are two sometimes amusing and always interesting stories by Arthur McFarlane and Stanley Waterloo. Edwin Sandy compares wild fowling and upland shooting in his regular Gamblers department, and tells also a characteristic story—full of an expert's information—of a quail shooting. Charles F. Holder relates his experience in shooting flying fish off the California coast, and A. C. Gibson furnishes suggestions for flight duck shooting. "Pemberton's Fluke," a football story by Ralph Henry Barbour; Sergeant McPherson's story, a tale of the army in the Philippines, by Perry D. Fraser; a roariest amazing yarn, entitled "A Case of Mistaken Identity," the true story of Mr. Joseph Hodgson's first prize bear, and another of Ralph Paine's adventures filibustering in Cuba, are other stories in this number.

The dedication of Nina Holden's book "Silver Linnings" is to Helen Keller, a tribute from a blind girl to a blind girl. Few people are aware that this charming young writer has been blind since early childhood, a fact that gives an added interest to her book about a blind girl's life, since it is the only expression of the life of the blind from the inside.

Novel readers, book reviewers and literary critics have been asking each other, "Who is Philip Payne?" His recent novel of Chicago life and American politics, titled "The Mills of Man," is being read and talked about in every large city in the country. Some reviewers have credited it to Mr. Will Payne, the author of "On the Road to Fortune" and similar stories of Chicago business life. Others

imagine it has been written by Mr. William Morton Payne, the author of "Little Leaders." We understand, however, that "The Mills of Man" was really written by Mr. Philip Payne, a Chicago newspaper man, who in this book makes his entrance into fiction.

The story shows that Mr. Payne is intimately acquainted with the social and political life of the great city and has the power to create characters that live and move and fix themselves in one's memory. The book is particularly strong in characterization, which is a genuine strength in these days of fictional plots and counterplots. The reading public will do well if it distinguishes between the literary work of Mr. Philip Payne, Mr. Will Payne and Mr. William Morton Payne, all of Chicago and all writing of the life of the city.

The untimely death of Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Waits will bring sorrow to many readers of The Century. She first attracted the attention of the editors of that magazine by a story called "The Praying Match," which was accepted and published in The Century for July, 1900. After this followed others in the remarkably original "Pa Gladden" series, just appearing in book form, her first book. Mrs. Waits has had three Christmas stories accepted for three succeeding years of The Century, beginning in 1901. Besides the Christmas story for 1902, another striking story of hers will appear posthumously. It is entitled "A Lady of Balance." Mrs. Waits was connected with the Louisville Dispatch, and later with the Louisville Courier-Journal. She was a woman of indomitable courage and energy and there were elements of the heroic in the story of her devoted life.

"There is no doubt, I suppose, that if some one should get up a voting contest to determine who is the most eminent of living American authors, Mr. Howells would get away with most of the coupons." writes a reviewer of Letters Home, in the Syracuse Post-Standard. "Whether they read like him or not, people know about him and like him, or as the expressive phrase goes, stand for him. I guess, in secret of it is, for one thing, that every one has a strong faith in Mr. Howells' genuineness and Americanism. He does not go to Italy for his scenes and characters, as Marion Crawford does; he does not retreat into the past, as Mr. Churchill and most of the other romancers do. He deals with the here and now, with Broadway and Beacon street, with Iowa and Central New York, with the election of Mayor Low and the trust movement. He handles all these familiar, commonplace and homely things, and makes good stories of them—no easy task. And with all his humor and clear insight he preserves a noble faith in everything that is American."

### FORMULAE OF FICTION.

Given one wife and children or aged mother in indigence, one previous shady transaction, or one thirst for drink, and you have ready to hand your Presiding Motive for service in doubtful waters. Given one penchant for composing poetry in moments of danger or one pride in a father who was clergyman for sixty-two years in a Scotch town whose syllables translate "Nowhere," and you have your quaint and pleasing individual characteristics. Given one monkey wrench or one gun, and you have your weapon of supremacy—always effective against any odds. Given without question an ability to lick anything of any weight at any time and you have your personal prowess. Given a tramp steamer with rusted rivets and worn-out plates, a "coffee mill" engine, an insubordinate crew, or something equally terrifying, and you have your mission. Given hidden treasure, small but minuscule, and you have your excitement. Given a tramp steamer with rusted rivets and worn-out plates, a "coffee mill" engine, an insubordinate crew, or something equally terrifying, and you have your mission. Given hidden treasure, small but minuscule, and you have your excitement. Given a tramp steamer with rusted rivets and worn-out plates, a "coffee mill" engine, an insubordinate crew, or something equally terrifying, and you have your mission. Given hidden treasure, small but minuscule, and you have your excitement.

New Books Received.  
"The Pensioners." The story of an American girl who took a voice to Europe and found many things. By Albert R. Gorman. Published by Herbert T. Turner & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.  
"She That Heavens." By Harris Dickson.

# Sherlock Holmes

is back at work again. By means of a bloody thumb print he unravels the mystery of "The Norwood Builder."

This is the second story of Conan Doyle's new detective series—already the literary sensation of the year

Now on sale, complete, in the November Household Number of

# Collier's

Illustrations by C. M. Relyea. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.  
"Tittlebat Titmouse." Abridged from Doctor Samuel Warren's famous novel, "Ten Thousand a Year." By Francis Marion Crawford. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. From St. Louis News Company.  
"Holt of Heathfield." By Caroline Atwater Mason. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. From St. Louis News Company.  
"History of Socialism in the United States." By Morris Hillquit. Price, \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

Fair for Benefit of Church.  
A fair and festival for the benefit of St. Barbara's Parish will be held next Wednesday and Thursday nights at O'Connell's Hall, No. 363 Easton Avenue. On the first night there will be a euchre and on the second night an entertainment will be given by the school children.

**THE GREY CLOAK**  
**THE MAIN CHANCE**  
**THE FILIGREE BALL**  
**THE FORTUNES OF FIFI**

**A RACE ON THE SEA OF FICTION**  
**THE LEADERS**

**THE MAIN CHANCE**  
If you should see a copy of the The Main Chance, by Meredith Nicholson, buy, borrow, beg or steal it. For The Main Chance has all the elements of twentieth century greatness.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**THE FILIGREE BALL**  
If you have anything particular to do at a certain hour, such as catching a train, and still have a little time on your hands, don't read The Filigree Ball, by Anna Katherine Green, author of The Lavenham Case. If you do, you will miss that train.—New York Times.

**THE GREY CLOAK**  
Harold MacGrath, author of The Puppet Crown, wrote in The Grey Cloak a book which the reader could not lay down till he finished. In a busy age this is an offense against industry.—Chicago Tribune.

**THE FORTUNES OF FIFI**  
We owe Molly Elliot Sewall, the author of The Fortunes of Fifi, a debt of gratitude for creating such a winsome, alluring little maid. A stanch comrade, tender-hearted and whole-souled, she easily distances all other heroines and proclaims her right to the title of "The bluest girl out."—Phila. Item.

**A Powerful Story of Society Cleverly Told.**  
**MRS. POULTNEY BIGELOW'S**  
"This novel is recommended as one of those novels which are worth reading for entertainment and repay reading for their moral. It is sweet, pathetic and natural; also, it is well told—the characters live, their feelings palpitate."—Brooklyn Eagle.

**THE MIDDLE COURSE** \$1.50  
"It reaches near enough to the vertices of life as most of us know it to interest one from cover to cover. . . . The people of the story seem human and their emotions and actions reasonable and their feelings told about them with the ease and grace of style which so remarkably large a number of present-day writers seem to have attained."—N. Y. Times.

**THE SMART SET PUBLISHING CO., 452 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.**